

# THE INDEX

LAZTEC. - - - NEW MEXICO.

England has placed three more islands on the reef.

Sir Thomas is still sanguine. He has the temperament that characterizes his race.

A new office has been made for Wu Tingfang. Nothing in China was big enough for him.

Henry Watterson declares that there is no ideal public life, is there any ideal private life?

Another exploration party will set forth in Pennsylvania presently in search of the telegraph poles.

Anthony Hope is going to get married. Good-by to the Dolly Dialogues. They will all be monologues after this.

Typewriters are now made to write in twenty-six different languages, but the language of love is not one of them.

It is to be hoped that Sir Thomas Lipton is being kept fully informed as to the remarkable performances of the Redoubt.

President Diaz will accept another four years' term in Mexico. Or, more properly speaking, the Mexicans will accept it.

That earthquake in Asiatic Turkey with 2,900 dead to its credit makes the Balkan war cloud look like a Christmas tree.

What of Guatemala is not covered with lava and ashes is as friskily revolutionary as ever. Something is brewing down there.

Richard Henry Stoddard, the famous poet, left an estate valued at \$2,000. He must have had some outside enterprises going.

Maud Gonne's husband was a peaceful and dignified citizen when she married him. Now he wants to fight the entire population of Dublin.

Francis Wilson says he has all the money he wants. If Francis wishes to he can probably secure good wages from the dime museums now.

Sir Thomas Lipton is bringing two Shamrocks into this year. In time Sir Thomas's collection of Shamrocks will be worth going miles to see.

It does not always take possession of a large income to send a man to the devil as Dr. Hilla says. Often the want of it gets him there sooner.

A New York man has been ordered to pay a young woman \$5,000 for kissing her 1,236 times. This girl should equip herself with a cash register.

Since circus men's unions have begun to go on strike, this thing up the shows how can the American boy hope to enjoy himself as his father did?

Danger lurks in the steam yacht, the air ship and the trolley line. Walking is a slow mode of travel, but it has its advantages that must not be overlooked.

One of the Chicago university professors has discovered a similarity between Shakespeare and Kipling. The world has been overrating the notorious Avonlan.

If King Edward thinks of visiting Ireland, why doesn't he combine business with pleasure and make the trip next month when the big automobile race there comes off?

Another cure for consumption is announced. The trouble with these cures is that the victim usually dies before they have a chance to demonstrate their effectiveness.

King Edward has a decided advantage over a president in visiting the various localities in his realm. He can refuse to make speeches without the fear of losing any votes.

Miss M. E. Braddon has just published her sixty-fourth novel. It is almost terrifying to think what might have happened if Miss Braddon had been the wife of Cyrus Townsend Braddy.

A Chicago schoolmaster criticizes Shakespeare because that bard's language is behind the times. Some one should put Shakespeare's writings into slang to meet Chicago's yearning for up-to-date literature.

A proposition to tax trusses for the purpose of raising the revenue which is necessary to run the government has been made in England. How can woman hope to gain her rights in such a country as that?

Ambassador Choate is going to marry one of his daughters to a titled Englishman. It costs a good deal to be ambassador to England, but the lady members of the family will now be likely to regard the investment as a good one.

Sir Ralph Galloway suggests "a legalized use of the shotgun" for scorching motorists. This might be a good way to encourage the youth of Great Britain in the practice of much-needed marksmanship. A moving target is the hardest to hit.

Twenty young men in South Chicago have formed a matrimony club. As a rule, the preliminaries to matrimony are most successfully conducted by the man who "goes it alone" so far as other men are concerned.

On the day that President Roosevelt arrived in Topeka triplets were born to a mother in Chanute and also to a mother in Humboldt. Kansas doesn't profess to go deeply in sociological problems such as the president's theory of race suicide, but she always strives to please.



The Autumn Wind.

The voice of the autumn wind,  
As sad as the morning wa,  
And it sets the chords of  
Of the harp of memory!

It sets the chords astir,  
And my heart throbs quick again  
With the old, old thrill of love,  
With its ecstasy and pain.  
—Clifton Scott in *Ladies Monthly*.

## Phantom's Warning

About the broad hearth in its customary manner the family had assembled after the evening meal, and Henry Carroll, the city cousin, came to the country to restore failing health, found his first visit into a Kentucky home not so dull as he had anticipated.

The conversation lulled. Silence was broken only by the ticking of the clock. Suddenly Carroll heard the faint pit-a-pat of a galloping horse on the frozen turnpike. He walked to the window overlooking the road, and the sharp air bore the sound more clearly to him.

"I wonder who that can be, riding so wildly at this time of night?" he asked.

"Some drunken fellow going home, I suppose," said Mr. Rankin, indifferently, but with a significant look at his wife.

"He rides like a wild man!" exclaimed Carroll. "Come here. Look at him! One would think both man and beast were hunted—were fleeing from the devil himself!"

Martha ran to the window and gazed for a moment at the fast-disappearing horseman. "Papa, maybe it's our ghost—Rob the rider—and Aunt Dinah once met?"

The mournful howl of foxhounds disturbed by the hoof beats and the suggestion of a chase gave her remark a tinge of color. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rankin had kept their seats while the rider passed, and now tried in vain to lift the gloom his appearance had left in passing. Carroll noticed this and half laughingly inquired if Martha's ghost was a reality.

"Not at all; simply a stupid old story of the negroes," said Mr. Rankin. He spoke in an unconvinced manner, however, and the freckled group relapsed into a moody silence. Carroll slept little that night in the great room assigned to him. Among the old pictures on the walls, which he casually looked over as he undressed, he was struck by a tarnished portrait of a girl who closely resembled Martha. No name was written on the worn gilt frame, but on the dust-covered back he found scrawled, "Martha Rankin, 1850." Even when Carroll put out the light that face stood between him and sleep. Those eyes haunted his brain. So, too, did the flying horseman and the troubled face of his host and the remark of the young Martha.

The brilliant, fitful sunlight of a spring day strayed into his room as Carroll awakened. The refreshing bath and the wholesome smell of the country cleared his head, and he smiled at the foolish fancies of the night. Carelessly he ran down the broad stairs of the stately mansion in a manner calculated to startle into life the sweet-faced damsel and the starched-collared soldiers of the revolution whose portraits smiled from their gilded frames standing the hallway.

Martha's remark about Aunt Dinah's ghost remained in Carroll's head, however, and having nothing to do, he strolled out to the cabin to hear her story. It was Aunt Dinah's favorite yarn, and she unbent with right good



The dim figure of a horseman dashing along.

will, proud of having the stranger cousin for a listener.

"Good lawd, honey, an' you ach-shally ain't heahed dat tale? Miss Martha wuz her name, an' she loved Mars Rob Gregory, what had a heap o' fine horses. He kep' comin' an' comin' heah ter see Miss Martha well everybody said dey sho' would marry. Den dey had a fallin' out an' he didn't come no moah. Miss Martha didn't let on, but she sartly did love Mars Rob, an' kep' pinin' an' pinin' away twell she wuz nigh ded. One Sunday dey all went to church at de Cross Roads, 'repen' her. When dey come back her maw, Miss Ellen, found her on de floah in de parlor—ded. She had shot herself in de corner by de window, whar she an' Mars Rob user set.

"Wall, don't jes' reckleek, but folks do say Mars Rob died jes' after. Anyway, he took her death mighty hard, 'cause it was his fault, an' he ought to have made up with her. He nter ride 'bout de country on his big gaddin' jes' like mad. One night I seed him go by heah like all de devils wuz followin'. De nex mawnin' dey found him by de creek, his big gaddin' standin' over him. He had shot hisself in de heart.

"I dunno, chile, but ever since den dey say Mars Rob ride by heah when sweethearts oh de county fall out. I seed him once when Mars Walker an' Miss Mary Rogers had der trouble—but dat's another tale, honey. Anyway, folks don't come dis away nights no moah!"

And so Aunt Dinah rambled on, eager to tell other stories of the past.



He clasped her in his arms and whispered: 'I won't go home to-morrow.'

Carroll kept the incident in his mind for a while, and then let it drop as a dark superstition. He devoted himself to the task of building up his health, going hunting, riding to neighborhood fox meets, driving Martha to dances and parties, and in other ways filling out the routine of life in the country. In following this social round he found that the chase after health can sometimes be made a cheerful occupation, especially with a girl like Martha to help one.

One afternoon, as Carroll and Martha were returning from town they let their horses take their own pace and settled themselves comfortably back on the buggy seat and listened to the hum of the wheels and drank in the charm of the country.

Looking dreamily into Martha's eyes as the carriage rolled homeward, the question, which he had as yet put to himself only vaguely, came to him: "Does she like me?" He dared not trust himself to ask as to love. While he was turning about this, to him, startling suggestion, a young farmer of the neighborhood whom Carroll had often imagined to be covertly fond of Martha entered down the road toward them. He pulled up sharply, bowed to Carroll, and directed to Martha a few commonplace inquiries about her family, the crops and the next party to be given. Carroll thought he saw a blush steal over her cheek as the young man talked, and after he had ridden on, half in jest, but a bit in earnest, he asked if that were her sweetheart. The blush mounted higher as she denied it. Carroll unreasonably and jealously insisted that he was, and finally Martha pointedly suggested that in any event it was a matter that did not concern him. The clouds had fallen, Carroll had had his question answered.

At supper he announced to his host that his health was now fully regained and that an urgent letter from home would take him away the following morning. Mr. and Mrs. Rankin expressed regret. Martha coldly said she was sorry, and continued the meal in silence.

That night Carroll retired early to his room, but not to sleep. His pride was deeply hurt, and he was indignant. He called himself "Idiot!" and other pleasant things. "She didn't have the heart to say she was sorry! Love! Bosh!"

Finally, putting on a light overcoat he started for a walk upon the pike. It was near midnight when he turned again into the little valley. The full light of the moon was obscured by a mist which rose from the river and spread over the valley. The brooding silence of the night was broken now and then by the distant cry of a fox around, the low neigh of a horse, or the tinkle of a sheep bell.

"Clackety-clack! clackety-clack! There was borne in on Carroll's ears the distant sound of a galloping horse upon the turnpike. Could it be the phantom of Aunt Dinah's story?

"Clackety-clack!" The horse was coming nearer. The forgotten tale sprang vividly into Carroll's mind, and he felt the chill of the unearthly creep over him. Sweethearts had quarreled! The phantom rider was due! Bang! Crash! Crash! and Carroll saw a wildly speeding horseman flash across the bridge and come up the road toward him with uncontrolled gait.

Carroll, forgetting all of the improbability of the tale, ran to the roadside and tried to scale the stone fence. But it was too high for him to scale in his nervous condition, and he crouched against it, his eyes glued upon the ever-advancing figure. It thundered along. Now it was almost upon him. A vision of a horse of thoroughbred build, with foam flying from its mouth, with flanks heaving, and of a darkly clad rider with gaze fixed ahead, a cloud of dust, a sound of distant hoofbeats, and Carroll, completely cowed, fled toward the house. On the veranda he met Martha, strangely pale.

He clasped her in his arms and whispered: "I won't go home to-morrow."—Walter S. Hiett in *New York Times*.

## ARTISTS AND THEIR MODELS.

Beauty of Face and Form Are Rarely Found Together.

Artists say it is curious but nevertheless true that beauty of face and form are not often found in one and the same person. The woman who has an ideal face frequently falls from the standpoint of figure, so that painters are obliged to make their ideal figure from half a dozen models. From one will come a beautiful throat or arm or shoulder; from another a perfect back, and so on. Even after that the painter has to idealize his figure—to throw into it whatever form of pleasing expression he desires.

Once in a while his model gives him unconscious help. The model who posed for Church's "Fairy Tale" used to tell of having once stood before the picture at an exhibition, listening to the comments of enthusiastic visitors. They commended the fanciful painting, but marveled most of all at the wonderful look which the artist had managed to get into the woman's face. The model herself was able to enlighten them.

"He didn't have to idealize for that wonderful look," she said. "I remember the day it was painted. I was wondering whether he was going to pay me by the day or the week."

A photographic artist tells this little story of a model. She was a simple, rather shallow, straightforward girl when not at work. When she posed her beautiful, mobile face expressed the most varying emotions. The artist used to wonder if she felt one-quarter of what her expression indicated. His doubts were set at rest one day. After the girl had posed with an exalted aspect that enraptured the artist he waited to hear her deliver some sublime inspired thought. But she merely looked up sweetly into his face and said:

"Oh, how hungry I am."

## TOO MUCH FOR THE GHOST.

Disembodied Spirit Was Asked for Subscription, and Fled.

One of the most enterprising of American bishops, whose jurisdiction in the Far West is so poor that he has developed such remarkable talents as a beggar that his friends in the East declare they few when they hear of his approach, turned up unexpectedly during the holidays at a country house where a week-end party was being entertained. The house was so full that, with some misgivings on the part of the hostess, the bishop was put into a chamber reputed to be haunted. At breakfast the most anxious inquiries were made as to the good man's sleep. These inquiries were regularly repeated for several days, but to the general disappointment the bishop always reported the soundest of slumbers. Before he departed the bishop asked the cause of the unusual solicitude, and was told the state of the case. "And have you, indeed, neither seen nor heard anything unusual?" the hostess inquired. "Now that you remind me of it," was the reply, "I believe somebody did come to my bedside the first night, but I pulled my pocketbook from under my pillow and asked for a subscription, and I have seen no more of the intruder."

The Ringing Roll of "Dixie."

The old brigades march slower now—the boys who were the gray—  
But there's life an' battle spirit in a host o' them today!  
They hear that comrades callin' from the white tents far away,  
An' answer with the ringin' roll of "Dixie!"

They feel the old-time thrill of it—the battle plains they see—  
Again they charge with Jackson, an' face the fight with Lee!  
An' the shoutin' hills are answered by the thunders of the sea  
When they rally to the ringin' roll of "Dixie!"

The battle-flags are voiceless—once wet with crimson rain;  
O'er unknown graves of heroes wave golden fields of grain;  
But phantom forms—they leap to life, and cheer the ranks again,  
Pursuing to the ringin' roll of "Dixie!"

Beat, drums! the old-time chorus; an' bugles, blow your best;  
And wave, oh, flags they loved so well, above each war-worn breast!  
Till they vanish down the valley to their last, eternal rest.  
Still answering to the ringin' roll of "Dixie!"

—Frank L. Stanton in *Atlanta Constitution*.

## Believes in Woman Suffrage.

Gov. Garvin of Rhode Island has put himself on record as a believer in woman suffrage. In a recent address before the Rhode Island Woman Suffrage association he said: "I think woman suffrage will be adopted in Rhode Island and in other New England states. It has been tried in other states and has worked well, and sooner or later it will prevail throughout the Union."

## Union Is Strong.

The International Longshoremen's Union now ranks second in membership in this country. It has 142,000 members.

Record Fire-Loss in Britain. Sixty million dollars is the record loss by fire for a year in the British Isles.

## RACEHORSES IN OLD AGE: MANY ARE DRAWING CABS

The question of the ultimate disposition of the pins and needles has been debated most exhaustively, and possibly the subject has been satisfactorily settled. The problem as to what becomes of all the racehorses is rather more intricate and requires diligent inquiry.

"What becomes of all the racehorses?" was asked of Frank Farrell, owner of Blues and the Greater New York baseball club, which are said to be coupled in the setting.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Farrell with deliberation, "but I have strong convictions as to what should become of some of them."

It was evident Mr. Farrell's usually sunny disposition had been temporarily clouded by a loss of confidence in some members of the equine family, and the writer did not press the query.

When John E. Madden was asked the question he said cheerily:

"Why, that's easy. They keep traveling about like the birds. Go South and West in the winter and North in the summer. Yes, sir, this promises to be the greatest racing season in the history of the sport." As the replies of Messrs. Farrell and Madden seemed to be lacking in detail the writer asked the same question of W. C. Fessenden, trainer, owner and former baseball expert.

"What becomes of the racehorses, eh?" he echoed. "Well, my boy, nine out of ten break down. As soon as that happens they are sold for what they will bring. There is many a horse that once raced home winner in a classic event to the shouts of thousands who now pulls a hack or a peddler's cart."

—Joe Cotton, once a grand hand.

cap horse, is drawing a hack in Boston, while the mighty Banquet now earns his cats hauling a London cab. Salvator, Hanover, Hamburg and others are more fortunate, as they are in the stud.

"But the number of stallions is being steadily restricted, with the result of a very large increase in the percentage of geldings on the track. The object is to do away with the large number of cheap and useless stallions. The result will be the narrowing of sires to the most select strains and consequent improvement in the breed."

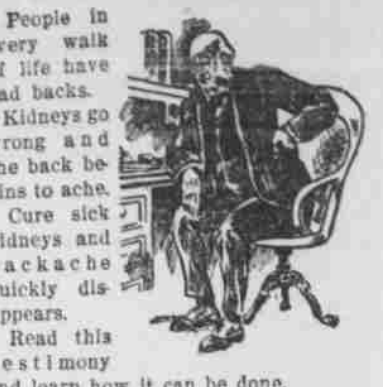
"Why does so large a proportion of thoroughbreds break down?"

"That is due to the early age at which they are raced. Financial rewards seem to be for the owners of two-year-olds, and, of course, they do not miss their opportunities. A special effort is made in the development and racing of horses of that age, and as a majority often are not strong enough to stand the work they break down. Fully 60 per cent of two-year-olds fail to pass successfully through the ordeal of racing, and of the horses that begin as two-year-olds not one in a hundred is fit for racing at five years old. A large proportion is incapacitated for work on the track at four years.

"As to the mares, very few of them are of any value as racers after their fifth year. They have a better future than the geldings and stallions, for there is always a lively demand for good breed mares.

"However, as improvement in breeding goes on, we may develop a two-year-old that will better stand the vicissitudes of campaigning."—New York Press.

## IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE.



People in every walk of life have had backs.

Kidneys go wrong and the back begins to ache. Cure sick kidneys and backache quickly disappears.

Read this testimony and learn how it can be done.

A. A. Boyce, a farmer living three and a half miles from Trenton, Mo., says: "A severe cold settled in my kidneys and developed so quickly that I was obliged to lay off work on account of the aching in my back and sides. For a time I was unable to walk at all, and every makeshift I tried and all the medicine I took had not the slightest effect. My back continued to grow weaker until I was unfit for anything. Mrs. Boyce noticed Doan's Kidney Pills advertised as a sure cure for just such conditions, and one day when in Trenton she brought a box home from Chas. A. Foster's drug store. I followed the directions carefully when taking them and I must say I was more than surprised and much more gratified to notice the backache disappearing gradually, until it finally stopped."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Boyce will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address: Foster's, Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

Mrs. Poppley—What do you think? Baby spoke her first word to-day! Mr. Poppley—Well, well! and it won't be many years before she'll be having the last word.

Dealers say that as soon as a customer tries Defiance Starch it is impossible to sell them any other cold water starch. It can be used cold or boiled.

"Don't you think my angel food is excellent?" "Indeed, I've seen worse, but not often."

Smoke Baxter's "Bullhead" 5-cent cigar. Some people seem to be afraid of the bare idea of the naked truth.

Don't you know that Defiance Starch besides being absolutely superior to any other, is put up 16 ounces in package and sells at same price as 12-ounce packages of other kinds?

Consensus has been defined as a still small voice that disturbs a man when his liver is out of order.

A smile of satisfaction goes with one of Baxter's "Bullhead" 5-cent cigars.

Customer—Isn't that tea too steep at a dollar a pound? Grocer—Of course. All tea is steep.

## BLOOD HUMOURS

Skin Humours, Scalp Humours, Hair Humours,

Whether Simple Scrofulous or Hereditary

Speedily Cured by Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills.

Complete External and Internal Treatment, One Dollar.

In the treatment of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, crusted, pimply, blotchy and scrofulous humours of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills have been wonderfully successful. Even the most obstinate of constitutional humours, such as bad blood, scrofula, inherited and contagious humours, with loss of hair, granular swellings, ulcers, patches in the throat and mouth, sore eyes, copper-coloured blotches, as well as boils, carbuncles, scurvy, sties, ulcers and sores arising from an impure or impoverished condition of the blood, yield to the Cuticura Treatment, when all other remedies fail.

And greater still, if possible, is the wonderful record of cures of torturing, disfiguring humours among infants and children. The suffering which Cuticura remedies have alleviated among the young, and the comfort they have afforded worn-out and worried parents, have led to their adoption in countless homes as priceless curatives for the skin and blood. Infantile and birth humours, milk crust, scalded head, eczema, rashes and every form of itching, scaly, pimply skin and scalp humours, with loss of hair, of infancy and childhood, are speedily, permanently and economically cured when all other remedies suitable for children, and even the best physicians, fail.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Remedies, 100 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Ointment, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Soap, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Pills, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Cream, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Lotion, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Powder, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Essence, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Extract, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Tincture, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Syrup, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Wine, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Beer, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Ale, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Stout, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Whisky, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Brandy, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Cognac, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Rum, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Gin, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Vermouth, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Port, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Sherry, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Champagne, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Sparkling Wine, 25 Cent. Bottle of Cuticura Soda Water, 25 Cent. 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